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The World.

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JEROME'S STRANGE PROPOSITION.

Where, when or how did the District-Attorney of New York get the idea that the prosecution of crime was the function of a newspaper, and not of the District-Attorney?

Instead of probing the testimony in the McAuliffe case and using it for what it is worth in a case of death which the Coroner's jury and the Roosevelt Hospital physicians declared was due not to accident, but to violence, District-Attorney Jerome proposes to "lay the whole machinery of the State at the disposal of The World" for purposes of prosecution.

Such a reversal of relative position and authority is too absurd to be seriously considered. It is not seriously intended, and is merely another form of that strange evasion of duty which has marked the conduct of the District-Attorney's office since the beginning of this extraordinary and unprecedented affair. It is not an offer of assistance, but a refusal of assistance; not an aid, but an obstruction to the course of justice.

Without the aid of the District-Attorney's office The World has succeeded in establishing beyond any doubt the fact and the method of the murder of McAuliffe, and the manner, time, place and circumstances of his being taken out of the station-house and dropped on the street after he had received his fatal injuries. It has dragged the dark tragedy into the light of publicity and compelled the universal recognition of the fact that it was not an accident but a murder, and it will continue its good work until the end of justice is fulfilled. The second half of its work will be easier than the first half has been.

Another Hope Dispelled.—M. Simon-Dumont asserts that ballooning is very expensive and that the hope that was entertained that it might lessen the dangers of the Brooklyn Bridge, crumb.

THE HARDWARE TRUST.

The announcement that the great hardware firms of the country propose to join in a trust to freeze out the smaller concerns and obtain a monopoly of the business does not cause even a ripple of astonishment. The public mind has long since been whipped into submission to the trust idea, and if the hardware men want to form a trust why shouldn't they? Every one else does it, anti-trust law to the contrary notwithstanding.

The example of the Beef Trust is at once a suggestion and an inspiration for a Hardware Trust. The Beef Trust has successfully demonstrated its ability to abolish all competition and to fix the price of its commodities, and what can be done with beef can be done with hardware. Moreover, is not hardware a product of iron and steel, which are controlled by trusts, and of coal, which is also a trust commodity?

It is true that the increased profits will come out of the pockets of the consumers, who are merely the whole people of the country, but in affairs of this kind the people have nothing whatever to say.

Capt. Walsh's Discovery.—Capt. Walsh looked out of a rear upstairs window of the Edgewater station last night to see what the weather was and beheld a prize fight in full progress in an adjoining building. New Yorkers know so little of their neighbors.

MUD PIES AND MILLIONS.

Mr. Percival Chubb does not like the way the little children of the rich are trained for their life duties. He thinks they are too clean—"disrespectably so"—and urges wealthy parents to encourage their coddled offspring to "roll about in the dirt and make mud pies." The mud-pie instinct is strong in normal children. After Kim's fever he lay face downward on the soft earth, dug his fingers into the soil, threw handfuls of dirt over himself and speedily got well. When young millionaires play football they gain a beneficial acquaintance with dirt, but why should they not wash it off with clean water? It is said that Orientals, except the Japanese, whose ablutions are frequent, hold baths to be weakening; a bath is a rarity with Turkish porters, reputed to be the strongest men in the world. A logical application of Mr. Chubb's theory would make the youthful millionaire emulate the Turk and get strong by staying unwashed.

Children of the rich as the public knows them are mostly very sturdy and promising specimens of young America. The Pauperlovers, whom Mr. Chubb apparently has in mind, have gone. Millionaires' sons, with football, golf, polo and an abundance of fresh-air life, are being well fortified to resist the inroads on their health of the terrapin and canvas-back part of their career.

Will She Do It?—Miss Stone, the ransomed missionary, going to lecture, and her lectures will certainly be highly profitable. Will she apply the proceeds to repaying the subscribers to the ransom fund?

A TENDERLOIN CHESTERFIELD.

It is to the Tenderloin, with its numerous dancing schools and professors of polite deportment, that we should naturally look for good manners. And quite up to the standard is the Chesterfield courtesy of Capt. Sheehan, as shown in his interview with "Honest John" Kelly last night.

Kelly conducts a gentlemen's club in West Forty-first street, in a building with an iron "skelot" at the front door. When Capt. Sheehan, in a sleuth-like search for gambling dens in his precinct, reached Kelly's place the proprietor peered at the intruder through the iron lattice and said: "What can I do for you, Capt. Sheehan?" "I would like to come in and look around," said the Captain. "I am informed that gambling is going on in this place," "Gambling!" said Kelly. "Oh, no, Captain. Somebody has misinformed you. This is a gentlemen's club." And the Captain, accepting the explanation, departed with the somewhat rude reminder to Kelly that "if he found any gambling going on there he would drive up with a patrol wagon and break in the doors."

This threat was the only blot on the Captain's courtesy. For the rest his conduct was above reproach, and we are disposed to believe his statement, on his honor as a gentleman, that "the Tenderloin has never been tighter than it is at present."

"Pork" vs. Post-Office.—The motto of the session of Congress seems to be "seventy millions for 'pork,' but not a cent for the New York Post-Office."

JOKE OF OUR OWN.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.
Though you're a little bit and then some more,
It's never to distress us.
Let's thank the dear kind Trusts that they

With one small favor bless us—
For lack of compensation rule
Each corporation's swindle;
And, as with springs, our ice bill grows
Our coal and gas bills dwindle.

WHY HE AVOIDS DEATH.
"Lord Edmund is said to take the utmost care of his health."
"I don't blame him. He knows, if he dies, Kipling's liable to fire a poem across his grave."

TWO KINDS OF GOLD.
"You used to say I was your ideal of the golden girl."
"But since we're married you come nearer filling my ideal of the golden brick."

UP-TO-DATE PROVERB.
"There are said to be sixteen times as many games on the market as on any previous planet."
"So instead of saying, as they did, 'The game is lost,' with the carle we can say it's lost with the de-candle power."

SINGULAR, NOT PLURAL.
"How is it that you're getting married?"
"You've always boasted you didn't care for women."
"I don't, but I care an awful lot for one woman."

WHEN HIS VICTIMS RISE.
"He's a finished musician, isn't he?"
"Not yet, but he will be as soon as the neighbors get spirit enough to organize."

ACCOUNTS FOR IT.
"All these jokes about unpleasant mother-in-law are nonsense. I've been married ten years and I never had a word of dispute with my mother-in-law or a shadow of hard feeling."
"That's rather a record. She must be an angel."
"She is. She died when my wife was a baby."

AVAILABLE.
Knicker-1 saw the Mayor has put chased a country home up the Sound.
Knicker-2 Well, he can still have the City Hall for a bungalow.

SOMEBODIES.

CAMBRIDGE DUKE OF—The oldest member of the English royal family, having recently celebrated his eighty-third birthday. He was commander-in-chief of the British army for forty years.

EKINS, SENATOR—does not favor any single university, having sent one of his sons to Harvard, another to Princeton and a third to the University of Pennsylvania.

ELISE OSCAR of Alaska, receives \$200,000 a year from the Government for serving the mail twice a month from Valdez to Igloo, a distance of 112 miles.

HOFMANN, JOSEF, is not only a piano player, but also an expert mechanic, and the inventor of a steam engine.

KING OF SIAM OWNS AN ARMY CORPS of 200,000 men under command of a general.

LUTFOLD, PRINCE REGENT OF Bavaria, has given a royal Bavarian flag to the Bavarian-American Society of Chicago.

MATTHEWS, PROF. SHALLER, resident of a small Palestine village, east of the River Jordan, a winemaking in Batavia, N. Y.

MCALL, J. A.—the insurance magnate, who gave a \$200,000 gift to the Albany Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception.

PRANDTNER, CARL—of the Austrian navy, who has just established friendly relations between Austria and Mexico in Baltimore.

WOODFORD, GEN. STEWART L.—has started with his wife and daughter for Japan on a six-month trip.

THE GIRL WHO LAUGHS.

The girl who laughs—God bless her—
Thrice blossoms herself the while
No mounds of earth
Nas nobler worth
Than that which voices a smile.

The girl who laughs—life needs her—
There is never an hour so sad
But wakes and thrills
To the rippling tells
Of the laugh of a lass whose
I'll find in the Ladies' Home Journal.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE ON VARIOUS TOPICS.

Pretty Harlem Girls.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
In answer to "Frank" who complains that he sees nothing but homely girls riding in the "U," I wish to say that if he will get on the Third Avenue "L" at one Hundred and Sixty-second street some morning between 7:30 and 8 o'clock he will certainly change his opinion. I am not a Harlemite, but have had occasion to get on the above-named station twice during the last week, and have seen fully one dozen pretty girls, or rather young ladies. So, "Frank," don't be slow. Come uptown and see them—and then think.

The Strenuous Triumvirate.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
To my mind, a year ago the world

held three men who might rightfully be termed "Strenuous." They were President Roosevelt, Kaiser Wilhelm and Cecil Rhodes. These men each had enough push and restless energy for a whole nation. One is dead. That leaves but two, so far as I can make out. Can any one else suggest a third man anywhere who is fit to be named in their class?

A Theatrical Kick.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I went to a certain theatre last evening on a complimentary ticket and was refused a seat by the usher after the first act. I went downstairs to see the manager and stated the case. He said

I was not entitled to a seat. I said I was by the fire laws. He then told me I should not go into the theatre, and when I presented my return check it was torn up in my face, and I was told I could not go in. Is this justice? This is a case for Commissioner Sturgis. There were lots of people standing in the family circle. If there had been a few there might have been lives lost. There were plenty of vacant seats after the first act.

Kind Words for Police.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
It must gladden the heart of many a good citizen that the police have at last decided to break loose from the old system of blackmail and infamy, and seek

now to reform their past lives and live the parts of model citizens. This is indeed one great step toward the purification and reform of New York City. The saying that reform rests with the men themselves and not with their superiors has proved itself true in every respect.

Appeal to Employer.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In reply to "Perplexed Girl," who complains that a man employed in the same office insults her by familiar talk, here is advice from one of her own sex. A young man employed in the same office with me became very familiar in language, and after standing

it for some time, I told him that if he did not desist I would report him, but this made him fresher than ever. I finally got up my courage and explained matters to my employer and he reprimanded him severely. I am glad to say that I have not been bothered since as he secured another position shortly afterward. Don't let the young man impose on you but stick up for your rights.

The Road to Beauty.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
South Brooklyn is the place where you can see all the pretty girls who would ever care to see. Take the elevated at the Bridge and ride to Sixty-fifth street and you will open your eyes with astonishment.

WILD ANIMALS ON THE OCEAN.
A difficult thing to adjust for animals on an ocean voyage is the matter of temperature. The chimpanzees who came over on the Afridi, writes T. Wallace Thorne in Leslie's Weekly, had a special room built for him and he had a stove. During a part of the voyage the animals which were accustomed to cold weather, like the Japanese bear, the fox, and red-faced cold-weather monkeys, who live in the snow in Japan, rode on deck, their cages being placed in the open air. Most of the beasts lived on vegetables, and rice was their staple. Those which eat meat, like the Japanese cat, writes T. Wallace Thorne, were given small fowl, sometimes raw and sometimes cooked. Although the wild animal in captivity has the sad fate of a man in jail, the beasts have one great advantage over the human race on an ocean voyage. The animals are never seasick.

The Funny Side of Life.

EVERY DAY WILL BE LENT BY AND BY.



Big Butchers butcher Little Butchers. Wholesale butchery is what the public have to pay the Meat Trust now to see. The Little Butcher stands no show. His fate is sure but sad; And Vegetarians alone have reason to be glad.

HIS PREFERENCE.



"Shoot!" he roared, while the rescue party was hesitating. "Shoot! I don't care if you do hit me. I'd rather be buried in a coffin than in a heart."

COLD FACT.



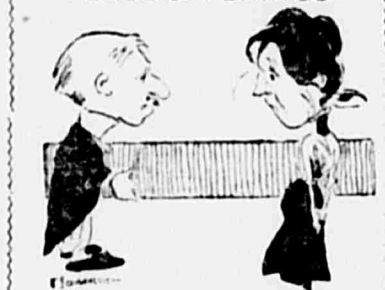
"Banks—No! I don't feel that I can loan you any more money. In fact, to be more explicit, my interest lies."

DEGREES OF GRIEF.



Visitors—I'm sorry to see you looked up. Convict—You ain't half as sorry as I am.

PEACE OFFERINGS.



She—Now that our engagement is at an end we should return each other's letters.

He—Yes, I suppose so, and I think we should also return each other's kisses.

VOUCHED FOR.



Micky—Say, is de new boss all right?

Jimmy—Yer bet! Why, dey say he smokes cigarettes to beat de band.

BORROWED JOKE.

HOW HE WORKED IT.
"So you won't take money for your vote?"
"No, sure! But if you is wise, you'll lose some whar I kin find it easy."—Atlanta Constitution.

HIS KNOWLEDGE.
"I suppose, Mr. Casey," said the passenger to the Irish pilot, "you know where all the rocks are along this coast?"
"Faith, Oi do not," replied the pilot. "But Oi know where they ain't!"—Philadelphia Press.

ASCENDANCE.
The crowning of Alfonso will be attended with high lights. This does Alfonso go a notch or two beyond Edward—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

SIGN OF SPRING.
Now that warm weather is approaching, it is natural for the powers to hang the familiar sign on China, "Please do not shut the door."—Baltimore American.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.
"Mamma, if people upset the salt-cellar, they have a quarrel, don't they?"
"Yes, dear."
"And if they don't upset the salt they don't quarrel, do they?"
"No, darling. But why do you ask?"
"Well, I want the salt-cellar I upset. It was the ink pot!"—The King.

DIFFICULT PART.
"My mind is made up," said the stage-hit female. "I'm going on the stage and become a leading lady."
"You'll doubtless succeed," replied the young man who had loved her at last, "providing the animal at the other end of the string doesn't act up and refuse to be led."—Chicago News.

HIS EXPLANATION.
Wife—Oh! George, I fear your love for me has grown cold.
Husband—Shouldn't wonder, my dear. The feet you bring to bed with you every night are enough to congeal an all-starve—Chicago News.

WHAT TOMMY KNEW.
Mrs. Jinks—That's Sig. Serapeski just passed. He plays the violin like an angel.
Tommy—Mummy, dear, do the angels say "Damm!" when a string breaks?—Punch.

FOOTLIGHTS.

May Edouin and her handsome husband, Fred Edwards, are appearing at Kelt's this week in their clever skit, "All in the Family." This talented couple will be returning to England shortly to appear at the Crystal Palace for a long engagement. May Edouin, who is a prime favorite with the London public, has won her way steadily on this side of the ocean during the year she has been among us. She has said that she would never leave America till she made as love her as she loves us.

She is coming back in the fall with a new play, written especially for her and her husband by her father, Willie Edouin.

I met Mme. Belland, of the French opera, today. Madame is a plump and pleasing little woman, with dark eyes and black hair. She is a natty little person, and her street costume of mixed blue cheviot, with its cute box-plaited refer, was extremely smart and fetching. She wore a turban of dark blue straw, with a bunch of cherries caught up at the left side.

So we are to have one opportunity, if no more, to see the ideal Romeo. For Kelt's Belland is "it," you know, and he is to give us this treat on the afternoon of April 22 at Wallack's, whether we shall be sure to fly and pack ourselves in like sardines in a tin box. There is nothing like the ardent young Montague and the impulsive Miss Capulet for making the most blasé theatre-goer sit up and take notice. An electric battery isn't it with the balcony scene. Eleanor Hobson is to be the Juliet, and will do enough herself to beyond shadow of doubt. How can she help it, with Romeo Belland prancing round her garden in the moonlight, and making his own particular brew of love to her? Why, just to think of it sets the blood dancing through the veins in quick-step measure. Oh, we'll all be there!

JANE GORDON.

"THINGS" IN A WILL.

Register of Willie Mabry, of Reading, Pa., has just decided what the word "things" means in a will, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Mrs. Catherine Zerbe bequeathed \$1 to her daughter, Mary Bealor, and directed that all other "things" should go to two other daughters. Mrs. Bealor contended that by "things" her mother meant only her furniture. The Register decides that Mrs. Zerbe meant that all her property, money included, except the \$1 which was left Mrs. Bealor, was included in "things."

Her Complexion Distresses Her.

Dear Mr. Ayer:—

Please advise me. For the last two months my tongue has been coated, during which time I have tried salts and bitter waters for a disordered stomach, to no avail. Have been to the doctor, who gave me some kind of a bitter medicine, with the same result. Have no appetite; face is shiny and full of pimples and blackheads since I was sixteen (I'm now eighteen), and I feel altogether very discouraged and miserable.

You certainly need medical advice of the proper sort. Have you tried taking phosphate of soda? Sometimes a simple remedy of this sort will be remarkably successful. Take it as follows: A teaspoonful of phosphate of soda in a glass of water, as hot as you can drink it, an hour before breakfast, and the same dose at night before going to bed.

Try this lotion for your pimples: Carbolic acid, 15 drops; borax, 20 grains; glycerine, 1 ounce; tannin, 30 grains; alcohol, 1 fluid ounce; rose water, 2-1/2 fluid ounces. Mix and dissolve. Apply night and morning.

WILD ANIMALS ON THE OCEAN.

A difficult thing to adjust for animals on an ocean voyage is the matter of temperature. The chimpanzees who came over on the Afridi, writes T. Wallace Thorne in Leslie's Weekly, had a special room built for him and he had a stove. During a part of the voyage the animals which were accustomed to cold weather, like the Japanese bear, the fox, and red-faced cold-weather monkeys, who live in the snow in Japan, rode on deck, their cages being placed in the open air. Most of the beasts lived on vegetables, and rice was their staple. Those which eat meat, like the Japanese cat, writes T. Wallace Thorne, were given small fowl, sometimes raw and sometimes cooked. Although the wild animal in captivity has the sad fate of a man in jail, the beasts have one great advantage over the human race on an ocean voyage. The animals are never seasick.

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